

As I woke up the day of my baptism, a little ten-year-old child, I did sense anxiety because it was the curse of autism; missing connection in my mind. Maybe, just maybe, the Enemy saw a now repaired, chink in my proverbial armor. When I arrived, swimsuit in hand, I felt a great electrical-like charge in the air; like the salty taste that precedes thunder and lightning. I knew this was an important day. I did not consciously know just how paramount this day would become to myself. Since then, the experience has become ingrained in my very being; my soul.

When my time to go into the side room most churches have, I felt my subconscious freeze. No flight. No fight. I heard two voices in front of me. I heard two voices in front of me. This would be the first time I would see my powers, gifted from God, manifest like how our Savior multiplied the bread and fish.

They were yelling and cursing, not with sound, but with intention; power, focus, & effect. These two worthless demons had won the ruling in the Courts of Heaven to try to get me to chicken out. I was so terrified of what I saw that it was not until this past year did I accept that I was tempted by Satan's minions to fall into fear. I was momentarily lame, powerless. I cried out in my mind, while my earthly father was pushing to the door that led to the stage, so I could become reborn, dedicated to Christ, *God help me*.

Sometimes, God is the Burning Bush that Moses came across; loud, bright, and unable to be refuted. Other times, He is the little push we call our subconscious. He nudges one person to not back one step but to take two steps and rise up like Beowulf. He unlocks the courage inside us to lead others where they are afraid to go.

Standing there, sick to my stomach, I felt someone push my body forward, to the door. There was no one behind me. I stepped into the water, nervous, guided by the pastor at the time. I looked up right before I was thrust into the water. Two glowing men with swords of fire stood at the main entrance into the main part of the church. They wore Romanesque armor. Now, today and when I think about it, I realize they were angels.

Suddenly, I did not feel the water. The chill from the water you associate with jumping in became absolutely absent. Frankly, I did not feel the water around me. Reality appeared to be that I was standing in a bright place outside of time and space. I blinked. Then, I opened my eyes. A glorious musical melody filled my ears. I was not in the pool I was being baptized in. What appeared to my senses was this: I am dry to the bone. I had to shield my eyes from the light not because of its brightness but because I somehow knew I could not comprehend the detail contained in that light. While I try to describe this, in short, the light is only describable as ineffable; its beauty uncontainable. Then, I saw through gates composed of every gem and stone (known and unknown) a mesmerizing path filled with what can only be understood as gems.

I know that the people I saw in the distance were those that came before us. Heroes. Historical figures. Biblical figures and those from World history that lifted

His name high. I knew that like how one knows to breathe; it just is. Then I felt a hand on my left shoulder. I looked up and I did not recognize him. But the air about him, the energy of protons, neutrons, and electrons bowed down to him. The very cornerstones of what we know as our universe bowed down to this man. Then he spoke, "Hello Dony."

He took a step and glanced up at the gate; seemingly full of a fuel I cannot describe except as gratitude. He turned to me and hugged me; I remember thinking, *I don't like hugs but, I'm okay with this*. For a moment, my mind was quiet. Then, overwhelmed I was with a peace unfitting of detail; unable to be written down. Silently, this man showed me his hands. Defying reality, his wrists and hands; and then it was just his wrists; and then just his hands that had been punctured. It was then I realized who this Person was or...is. It was God; Jesus Christ, our Author... our Protector.

I did not comprehend the absolute gravity of this at the time. But now I understand where I was and who I was with. I was physically standing outside the Gates of Heaven with the Son of God; the Savior of every man, woman, and child. (And dogs! All dogs go to Heaven!) This...that was a miracle.

He spoke to me again, "You are important. You are going to do great things that have never been done. I know it will be challenging, But My Words says I will never forsake you and you will see that in My time." He smiled at me and I blinked. As soon as I opened my eyes, I was back in the church. I was pulled from the water. Worship music flooded my ears and the joyous applause of churchgoers and disciples filled the sanctuary. I would not immediately understand the full breath nor the gravity of this experience for a long time; in His time.

Factually, I did tell my family I met a man with holes in his hands who I thought, at the time, was Jesus. Now, I no longer believe that to be the truth. I know that is *the* truth. We ended up eating lunch at Burger King; which was something I fixated on. My family and I were more focused on the miraculous fact that a ten year-old, autistic child, was baptized.

I know I will look back on my life at the end proud of everything I went through and every thing I have done because I am making the conscious effort and choice to put God first

Emotional Writing for Myself

I've been afraid for so long. I have seen the DHHS video. For some reason that escapes me currently, I had a feeling something was being hidden. Be that God or the Universe or whatever, the only thing that matters is that I cannot stand by and do nothing. I don't care if I have to mop the floor but, I'm not looking to be a some crazed fanatic either. I want the truth. We, humanity, must come together.

I am willing to sacrifice everything for the right thing. I am okay with giving my life so that others can be free. I cannot stay silent any longer. I do not know how much I information I have to offer nor do I know if it has expired or not. But I cannot stay silent any longer. My family has been altered from its collective destiny by the very same people we are supposed to be able to put our trust in. But God did not forsake us, not even in the bottom of the proverbial pit. I have seen too much pain and suffering to continue to sit and think about what its going to be like do to the right thing. It reminds me of the second chapter of the book of James, for what good is to sit and dwell on doing right things but not have faith enough to commit them to action?

Mom, just how you knew you had to go to China and you had to accept that you were okay with the potential of never coming home, I must go out into the world and disseminate the truth. It is not something that I, my flesh, wants. What I want is to ignore the Enemy just like everyone else; bury our heads in the sand and pretend that Grendel's monster isn't pounding at the door, lusting to consume us alive.

Now, I understand what Jesus said to me outside the Gates of Heaven, "You are important. You are going to do great things that have never been done. I know it will be challenging, But My Words says I will never forsake you and you will see that in My time." When God literally appeared to past, reluctant trailblazers, fear threatened to swallow them whole. But God did not give up on them; he never does. I can hear the Holy Spirit urging me onward but that means becoming my own; something every parent fears to accept. But, in the end it is what happens and in the end, we win the war.

The battle may be raging but the war is already won. The Devil thinks he can win; its is a retarded fixation, vexation. The ultimate perversion of everything good. I fight for good, for peace, for justice. Not anti-war, not anti-hunger. I am done living a lie. I have forsaken the depravities of this world and have been made ready to

take on my destiny. This destiny is not set in stone but it one of many paths on the tree of life, or in Nordic mythology, Ydrisil, the world tree. I know in order to route out evil from my word, for all that have come before us, and for those that will come after us, I must chose this path. No nationality. No left. No right. Only God. Only the Church.

And the Holy Spirit is clearly telling me, after 8 years of preparation and trial and tribulation, I need to be around people who have the same goals: pursuing the truth; God's truth.

January 18th, 2023

There comes a time in our lives as individuals when the vice that yolked us is seen as our deepest love riding a finest horse ever seen over Highlander-inspired fields. In order for us to accomplish the goals Christ has set before us, we must realize and accept that we could never go with this hypothetical horse; no matter how we wanted to. Today, January 18th, 2023, while I rebuke the things and patterns of this world, I also rebuke the toxic binge and purge cycle disguised as growth. Faithfully, we can embrace the peaceful balance that Christ provides to every man, woman, and child.

As I write, I intend to create a clear image of my goal to create a form of consumable media that permeates my experiences so that others can rise up and accept their destiny. I know everyone is able to become the best version of themselves because I have seen dozens of miracles. I have seen crippled limbs be straightened and healed. I have seen heart defects and cancer disappear. I have fought the physical manifestation of demons, and won. I have seen money appear when its container was previously observed to be empty. I have witnessed with my own eyes words appear over others' heads when they hide the truth. A man murdered a family member and I knew because when I shook his hand, the word, "murderer," appeared over his head. I was proven right.

I have overcome my diagnosis of autism through sheer will, determination, and by the grace of God. I was told by my pediatrician at a young age that autism did not exist.

When I was eight years old, I scaled the Great Wall of China and stood on the ground where Tank Man stood against evil. I have sat at tables with net worths of millions. I have overcome every challenge set before me. I have destroyed every accusation hurled at me by the villain of the week.

Before my mother was extricated from the *church*, she would invite people into our home who would need to be healed. I watched with my young eyes as a crippled limb after a crippled limb was miraculously healed. When the church my mother was preaching at got wind of this, they kicked her out. That prejudice was one of the best things to ever happen to my family. It propelled us upward.

I have faced death multiple times and survived not only because I had to but because our God and His grace is sufficient. As I sit and write this, I am filled with the Holy Spirit and it crashes against the dam of my tear ducts; threatening to spill out into glorious praise.

I vaguely remember as a child my family talking about some kind of court case. I remember my mother begging her father to do the right thing, to not give up. He had seen too much death to believe in our Savior. He tried. She begged him not to leave the country. I remember the day I walked outside and the motorhome he was living in was empty. It is the handful of times I have seen my mother cry.

I now know that it was what started to tear my parent's marriage apart and broke the dam of my father's bipolar obstacle. Whether he has overcome it or not, is between my heavenly Father and my earthly father. I really want my dad back but I am not sure that is meant to be. It should be. But we do not live in the *should be* world yet. Right now, we live in the *it is* world. In these paragraphs, my idea I am communicating is that the government only ever temporarily silences people. Everyone arrives at their abstract destination exactly when God intends. Plus, I'm done sitting by and doing nothing. The battle may be raging but the war has been won. The King is on the move and the Devil is on the run.

Moderately socially maladjusted

Parable of Jesus Peter 3x

Instead of telling people to not look behind the curtain, we need to invite everyone to look at behind the curtain; no more bullshit.

Cancel Culture is the work of Satan because what this thing does and what Satan does are one and the same: accusing its opponent of that which we have been forgiven for. Accusing.

The destiny God has for our lives is worth enduring through every ounce of pain to get there.

If I've learned anything today is that Louis Antoine Léon de Saint-Just believed revolution via terror was the only way to govern.

The American Revolution was founded with the idea that Revolution through self governance; that we may govern ourselves.

Just could not tell you what he stood for; only what he stood against. The same is the same with any type of Marxism, communism, or satanism.

Jefferson repudiated Just
